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What is... 'Surgery?'

OC OC

Excerpt of case #593864, where the Coalition of United Species learned of a purely human art that, in the years since, has helped save millions of lives throughout the Galaxy.

"Here in trial, on case #593864, we have Human Tim Damsan, and Thron Sekariat, Clan Hiskigh.

In this trial, the appropriate groups, namely the C.U.S. System Shunntery High Intermediary Tribunal, the Human's 'medical industry', and the Empire of Thronnor, have come together to provide testimony onto the attempted [murder] of Sekariat. Defendant, please state your identity, and case."

"Thank you, your honor. I am Tim Damsan, I am 53 years of age, according to the United Terran Dominance's Solar Calendar, and 4770 years of age, according to the Coalition of United Species Hraykendal Calendar. I grew up on the second planet in the UTD's home system of Sol, a planet called Mars. I am proficient in Medicine, as taught to me in the Medical College of Tharsis-"

The Judge, like every single other judge in the Coalition, was a Hrayken, which, alongside setting all the rules, seemed to be the species' only job in the coalition. This one was particularly large, particularly bulbous, and lacked a tentacle, perhaps they had served in the small army the Hraykendals held onto. Regardless, they interrupted the Human mid-speech, and said

"You said Medical, yes? As in the potions and teas used to help [children] get over minor illnesses?"

The being sounded incredulous, and was clearly finding this whole case a bit absurd.

"Er, no, your Honor, I am a surgeon, legally licensed for over 20 years, at least in the Human Territories. It is my job to help heal those injured."

The Judge, now clearly throwing the pretenses of being civil out the window would let out a wet, 'slurh'ing sound that the species' equivalent of a human scoff, and said

"Heal how? We all know you simply let people off to go heal naturally, as nature intended!"

Which Tim returned with a flat state, and in a tone the other species present wouldn't be able to recognize as annoyed, said

"May we continue on?"

To which the Judge waved a tentacle, calling order and allowing them to continue on.

"I am here on false allegations of attempted murder. I saw Sekariat here getting mugged in an alleyway, they were stabbed with a MegaHeating Knife, one made to burn and cut its way through the poor soul that gets past it, a terrible tool, I think. Regardless, I saw the man getting killed, and I couldn't do anything about it, so I scared away the assailant, and got out my medical kit I keep on me at all times when I'm out of Human Territory. Then, I set up the exclusionary device, to make sure the wound didn't get infected, and I administered the anesthetic, which has been proven to work on most species, galaxy wide. Following that, I got out my scalpel, and had to cut into the burned wound to make sure the wound wasn't too deep, and once that was done, I put it away, and then sutured the wound closed, and applied a special nanopaste which would heal the wound quickly."

The entire room was quiet for a good minute, as the people in it thought about the entire situation, before the Judge cleared their throat, and said

"Well then. Will the [Plaintiff] please state their case?"

And the Thron would nod, saying in their oddly tinny voice, despite being entirely organic.

"Yes, [honorable one]. I was assaulted by a Jintharian thief, a small one at that, who pulled me aside from the street under the pretense of helping a friend out, and once I followed them in, they cornered me, and demanded my credits! When I denied, they stabbed me with that wicked object of theirs, and took my credits by force. If that wasn't bad enough, then this Human came by, and stabbed me! They set up an odd device, likely to irradiate, or kill me in some odd way, before changing their mind, and setting it aside, and stabbed me with a [small, sharp object; needle], before stabbing me even more! This witchcraft has left me scarred and deformed, and I called the whole thing to [court]!"

The Judge would nod along, the entire court would then devolve into conversation, and a 15 minute recess was taken, during which the decision was made, and upon the meeting up, the Judge turned to the smaller, reptilian Thron, and asked a simple question

"Well, are you... better, now? This Human claimed to practice healing others, are you healed?"

To which the Thron would turn a distinctive shade of yellow, a flush in their indignant voice as they asked

"D-Does it matter?!"

And the Judge would nod, confirming it, and with a annoyed clicking noise, Sekariat would move aside their vest, revealing a perfectly fine bit of skin, with a small slit indicating where a scar had been, and Tim analyzed it for a moment, before giving a smile and a self-satisfied hum, saying

"Well, I'm glad the nanopaste worked on you, I honestly wasn't sure if it would."

And Sekariat, still indignant, would move the vest back into place, and said

"There, it is... mostly better, but what does it have to do with this all?!"

And the Judge, in a final, important word, would say

"Then we declare, by the power invested by us by the law, that you, Human Tim Damsan, are innocent!"